dupl.

"TRUTH IS ONE, MEN CALL IT BY VARIOUS NAMES."
—RIG VEDA

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Message of the East

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Sister Daya

Co-editor, 1922-1940

Editor, 1940-1955

Message of the East

"And behold the glory of the God of Israel came from the way of the East."
—*Ezekiel*
"Light shall come again from the East."
—*Tyndall*

VOLUME L 1961 NUMBER 3

INFINITE FORM

*from Songs of Kabir**

All things are created by the Om;
The love-form is His Body.
He is without form, without quality,
without decay.
Seek thou union with Him!

But that formless God takes a thousand
forms in the eyes of His creatures:
He is pure and indestructible,
His form is infinite and fathomless,
He dances in rapture, and waves of form
arise from His dance.

The body and the mind cannot contain
themselves, when they are touched by
His great joy.
He is immersed in all consciousness, all
joys, and all sorrows;
He has no beginning and no end;
He holds all within His bliss.

*Translated by Rabindranath Tagore

RELIGION AND HUMAN RELATIONS

by Sister Daya

Any religion or philosophy that impairs human relations or alienates one person from another, one group from another, cannot hold real truth for mankind or be the solution for our problems, spiritual or material.

Vedanta is primarily and absolutely inclusive in its teaching. Its tremendous concept of the oneness of all things—forming a backdrop as it were to life—must ultimately lead away from all that divides and separates; but in order to accomplish this unification, this oneness must be far more than a theory. It must be realized in the depths of the heart. This realization means a new consciousness, a new birth.

As we are now, we are still unborn, so to speak, in a sort of prenatal state, waiting for the hour to strike when we shall come forth into the One. At that moment, when we are born into our wholeness, born into our reality, born into our Truth, we shall, at the same time, be born into the Truth and the reality and the wholeness of all life everywhere.

As this possibility, this vision, dawns on a man, he is apt to turn away from the binding and blinding purely personal existence and seek to become all things to all men.

Just as Christ went forth to do His Father's business, so other souls have felt the pull of the Infinite sea drawing them away from narrow pools and inlets. The response to this call constitutes in India what is known as the Sann-

yasin way of life, which we see exemplified in India's holy men, her Swamis, Sadhus, etc.

The most famous example of this higher seeking, is, perhaps, that of the Lord Buddha, who left his home, his wife, his babe and went out into the wilderness, a beggar, in order to discover for himself that illimitable Truth which would set men free. "I seek," he said, "that Truth which is realized and not just talked about."

In modern times Sri Ramakrishna expressed this same yearning when he said, "If there is an infinite Mother of the Universe, then I must know Her."

There have been thousands in India throughout the centuries who have been moved by this same great impulse. Yellow-robed and barefooted they have gone forth from their homes onto the roads of their motherland, seeking, seeking that great experience of Reality, hidden behind the veil of outer consciousness.

India is a mystic land, its people incurably contemplative and religious; thus the world has come to associate it, and the Hindu philosophy, with an element destructive to the family ideal.

That is, men have come to feel that a person swept by Eastern thought is apt to turn away from those that are dear to him, and from his normal activities, and become immersed in some "dream of nirvana," as the man in the street would put it.

Now it is true and will always be true, not only in India but in the Western world also, that when a soul is set on fire with longing for

divine realization (whether it be called realization of Christ, or of Truth, or of the greater Self) that soul is very apt to take up the conventual or the monastic way of living. In the early days of Christianity there were found many anchorites dwelling apart from their fellows, and it is known that the desert Fathers lived in caves and sought to minimize their outer contacts and relationships, so that no distractions would cut across their contemplation of the Supreme.

Most assuredly we cannot move in two directions at once. One whose life is outgoing becomes more and more involved in the affairs of the external world. He may start with one contact, but that one branches into ten, and the ten into a hundred, all enhanced by the telegraph, the telephone, the wireless and the radio. It is possible if he lives, say, in New York for him to lunch in Philadelphia and dine in Boston. In this way he becomes so involved in outer activities, so whirled round and round by them, that there really is not a chance for him to "be still" and know God.

It is this desire to be still and to know that has drawn people out of the maelstrom of life into the more quiet places of the world, where there may be a better chance to "seek within and more within" for the Truth which lies hidden from the ordinary perception.

Just because both the East and the West, however, have acknowledged the right of the individual to go into retirement for the sake of his soul, it does not follow that any truly great

spiritual ideal is going to destroy human relationships.

When we come to analyze life I think we shall find that what *does* destroy human relationships is not a greater, deeper concept of life, not the sense of a common, divine heritage which binds our soul eternally to the soul of everything in the universe, not these things, but ego. It is ego, it is attachment, it is the petty and the personal and the craving for exclusive possession of the things and people we desire—these are the elements which destroy the tender and wonderful interchange which could exist between human beings. Born from the point of view that sees life merely as a little span between two darknesses, they gradually drag down our human existence to a very sordid level.

All this becomes apparent as we survey the world today. Take marriage, for instance. Marriage is the central point of the human picture from which everything else proceeds. What is destructive to the ideal of marriage? Is it not the selfish, the gross, the material attitude?

In his great poem, "Song of the Sannyasin," Swami Vivekananda says: "Whoever looks on woman as his wife can never perfect be." What he means is that we have to learn to regard the other person, whether it be man or woman, husband or wife, or friend, not just as a man or a woman but as a deathless spirit, yourself in another form—someone who is seeking as you are seeking, for enlightenment. Where people are bound together through this common rec-

ognition, there you will find harmony and life that is rich with possibilities.

How soon our relationships, no matter what they may be, grow stale and empty and barren of fulfillment when they are limited merely to the physical. This is true even of outer objects, the things that you can see and touch and taste and smell. No one denies the beauty, the significance, the variety and the interest that this world holds for us. It is to us a constant reminder, or should be, of the richness, of the endless life which flows without ceasing from that central Reservoir we speak of as God. It is because of the Infinite in the finite that the sunrise never palls but is always fresh and vivid and virginal. With a new thrill and a new fervor we go out and gaze at the colors flushing the sky, because all this beauty is coming to us from the God of beauty, the God who is within and without and who never grows dull or stale.

As our perception increases, as we begin to sense the mystical quality in all things, and its implications, we go behind that which we can see and hear and handle to that which we cannot contact in this way—to the imponderables, always the more important, and upon which the value and significance of the sense objects depend. When we are able to do this even to the least degree, life becomes richer for us and we see beauty that we have never seen before. Our eyes are open and the same things that we formerly glanced at and passed by are now redolent with meaning.

People too assume a new interest and even a

new wonder. How often we have felt of a person, "That man is a bore; I do not like him; I have no use for him!" But seen through the eyes of vision, he becomes transformed. We realize that we are that man—not someone infinitely removed from him who is sitting and judging him; that the same power that is making us alive is making him alive also and is filling his heart with the same hungers and thirsts and yearnings that are possessing us.

How long we strive before we discern a way of exit from the finite! Often we feel like a bird seeking to escape from a cage. We try one side of the cage, but there is no opening; then we try the other and again we fall back, while all the time the door of the cage is standing wide and someday we shall pass through it into the infinite blue.

It is all very subtle and hard to express in words. The one indwelling spirit we can sense quite easily in a field of corn or of California poppies. To an observer this pantheistic point of view seems inevitable and natural. But there comes a time when the observer ceases to be just the observer. I recall very well having had some such experience when I was a small child. At that time I was a little pagan with no thought of religion. One day, walking home from school, daydreaming, all at once I paused and looked about me, at the eucalyptus trees, the grass, the flowers—everything; and I remember I caught my breath with a sudden awareness that all these things that I had thought of as separate from myself were in reality moved by the same power

that was moving me, we were all part of the same life-consciousness. "Why," I thought, "I am not outside of them, a thing apart; I am one with them!" It came as a sort of apprehension. I would not dream of calling it realization; it was far indeed from that. But the thought was there, vivid and startling: "The tree and I are one, really one." And that experience remained.

A glimpse such as this is like a seed planted in the heart. Gradually it grows, and as it comes to maturity, it affects all our outer ventures. Inevitably it turns us away from many of the ordinary contacts which formerly engrossed us. It causes us to simplify our way of living and to drop much that is nonessential so as to avoid being caught in the endless whirl of outer existence. On the other hand, it enriches every contact that we make.

The people of India, as a race, caught this vision in the far past and it determined the pattern of their civilization. Their system divides life into different ashrams or stages. The first is the state of the student, who prepares himself for living, sometimes under a spiritual teacher; then the stage of the man when he marries and takes his place in the life of the community, at which time he is called upon to fulfill as perfectly as may be all the duties laid upon him as a married individual. If he has children he must be a good father to them. In fact, he must strive to live so that the Lord Himself may work through him in that relationship and make it as beautiful and sacred as possible.

When we do not have this point of view in-

stead of a purely materialistic approach to things we bring no sacredness into our relationships. They are ordinary, commonplace. It is like a man with no poetry in his soul. No matter where he may be, whether on the top of the Himalayas or in the Garden of Eden, a tree is wood, and a brook is water, and earth is earth. Just wood and water and earth! For him that is all there is.

Let a Wordsworth go forth, however, and when he sees a field of daffodils or a cloud wandering in the sky, it is as if he were granted a glimpse of heaven. He interprets them from that viewpoint for a whole world, to give it a new vision of loveliness. It is this sacredness with which Indian tradition seeks to imbue the obligations of life.

Following the householder stage comes the next ashrama or stage, when a man having fulfilled his duties to the state and to his own family,is free to go, if he so chooses, into the contemplative period. In the olden days this often meant going into the forest, and not infrequently a man and his wife would go together in search of that inner illumination which alone can light the way to death.

For it was recognized that toward the end of life man stands facing that great experience and should make ready for it. Here in our modern West we do not want to think about death at all. We want to cover it up, forget that it exists, even when we are standing on the edge of the grave, so to speak.

It is right that we should not think about death in a morbid way, but the trouble is, that

is the way we do think about it when we think about it at all. Even those who call themselves Christians act as if the body they laid away *was* their beloved or their friend, and they will weep over that body, forgetting apparently that the one they loved may be freer and happier than he ever was before, and very far removed from the discarded form.

The Bhagavad-Gita has told the Hindus through many generations that as a man takes off old garments and puts on others which are new, similarly the dweller in this mortal frame takes off his old body and enters into others which are new. The Hindu has incorporated that belief in his outer actions. Thus he thinks a great deal about death and faces it constantly. In other words, he dares to face truth. He realizes that we are here for a brief time and that beyond the present life is another life very closely related to this one.

Once the great Swami Vivekananda was talking to a group of college students. Suddenly he asked them: "Tell me what is the most wonderful thought in the world?" And when none of them could answer, he himself replied: "The thought that one day we shall die." "I know," he continued, "that when this thought first comes to you, you will feel cold within and as if a hand were squeezing your heart, but go on thinking of it, dream of it, meditate upon it and suddenly you will find that you are free. You will be filled with strength like a lion; all bounds and limits will melt away."

Inevitable death—the most wonderful thought

in the world! That is what the mystical consciousness does for one. It invests every phase of life with profound and ever widening significance. Thus it was natural in India that when a man approached the age when death might reasonably be expected, he did not feel impelled to go on following the endless round of things as too often we do here. He felt free to choose another way of life and, as Swami Vivekananda suggests, he would often go apart and think of that One, his true being—the Eternal, the Immortal, whom nothing can harm or destroy.

There is a Hindu saying, "First you hear about a thing, then you meditate upon it, and finally you become it." So the man who is about to enter this next ashram or stage of life feels, "The time is now at hand for me to realize these great concepts which my mind has known since my youth—to become so vibrant with the thought of eternal Being that my very body will sing, as it were, and I shall pass out from this old tenement in peace and in joy, as I would pass out from my house on a summer's day, going forth to meet the sunshine and the trees and the flowers, going from this early life into the superearthly."

There was once a king—so we are told in one of the great Upanishads—who decided that it was time for him to enter the final stage of life, the stage of meditation. But as this meant leaving behind his wife, Maitreyi, whom he loved, he said to her: "My dear, because you are loved by me, before I go forth I desire to provide for you so that you will lack for nothing. Therefore

I am leaving you these jewels and many valuable things for your protection." She answered:

"Tell me, my Lord, will these jewels give me the secret of immortality?" He replied:

"These jewels are perishable and cannot reveal That which is imperishable."

"Then what worth are they to me?" she said. "For there is only one thing that I desire and that is to know that great secret." At this the king declared:

"My dear, there is One Eternal, manifesting in all forms. Because of that One the husband is dear; he is not dear just because of himself, but because of that One dwelling within him. And because of that One the friend is dear. And the child that comes to your knee—because of that One dwelling in the child, animating the child, the child is dear." And so he went on through the human relationships showing that everything that is tender and sacred and beautiful is so because of that indwelling, endless Spirit, call It what you will.

We can see that one who is awake to such truths, who is thus aware of the divine Presence in all things, must approach the duties of life with a very different consciousness from that which is common to everyday humanity. Such a man, whether he is doing a task for himself, or a service for a friend, or is helping his family, perceives that there is One and only One who both helps and receives.

This very attitude of mind would put him in line with the Sermon on the Mount: "Blessed are the pure in heart—" for how could there be

anything but purity in the heart of a person living with thoughts like these, one who is serving and worshipping the Divine through every act of his life. He would inevitably join the company of the pure in heart and a real vision of Godhead would dawn in his soul.

Moreover he would be free from the infection of egotism, and ego is the real devil. Yet, strangely enough, we of the West have come to associate ego with everything that we call life. If anyone states that a man must lose his egotism, transcend his ego, before he can find the divine One, we reply: "If I do not know that I am I, what good will it do me to lose myself in some wonderful dream of oneness? I am a red-blooded person and I want to feel that I am separate, unique."

Now, actually, that sense of uniqueness, of individuality, of identity, the feeling that "I am I" really comes down into our heart from that One who is absolutely unique—individuality Itself. As Sir Edwin Arnold says in the *Light of Asia*, "Foregoing self the universe grows 'I'!"

The ego-consciousness is like a dewdrop which reflects the sun. The dewdrop may think: "What a brilliant, what a glorious sun am I!" but the real sun in the sky should be the object of its contemplation. In the same way the ego-consciousness is a reflection of the sense of absolute being, of identity, of wisdom, of beauty, which is native to the divine consciousness.

This separative feeling—this thing in us that pits man against man, nation against nation, and religion against religion, that makes people touchy and vindictive and envious—this ego

acts just as termites do and seeks to undermine the very fabric of our human structure. It is in this egotism that hot desire dwells, the desire that is never satisfied and that can become ruthless and cruel. There are only a few steps between the ego of a man who fights and plans to gain the thing that he wants, no matter how much suffering he may cause in the process, and the consciousness of a world tyrant who would let millions die in order to achieve his ambition.

Lao-tzu says: "The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step." What we are now is the seed of what we shall become, and the seed of ego, if allowed to grow unchecked, can produce only the fruit of pain, misery and death. Never does it bring the joy that we thought we were going to gain through it, or the peace, or the power.

That is where we fool ourselves. That is the great illusion—maya—whereby we think, "This thing is mine," merely because we have attached ourselves to it. Out of these egotistic attachments spring the terrible jealousies which wreck lives and homes. I have seen homes wrecked by it. "This is my wife!" "This is my child!"—mine, mine, mine! It is an assumption which plays havoc in human association. We see it now and then darkening a mother's attitude toward her children. There was one mother I knew who was very critical of other people and their offspring, but her own children: Oh, they were precious darlings! the most talented, the most wonderful! "Just mother-love," people would say. It was not mother-love; it was ego-love.

Mother-love can take the whole world into its heart. One who has experienced motherhood, if she has had any idea of the miracle that has occurred in the birth of that child, will go out in love to every child, and feel that in a sense every child is her own.

It is this mystical growth in human consciousness that is implicit in the great Vedantic conception of life. I will not limit it to Vedanta. It is greater than names and labels. It is part of the one universal impulse which causes men to reach out and to grow in their perception of the subtler values of life, and which ultimately will make every relationship of deep and holy import.

The great teachers never permit their followers in their search for Truth, to ignore their obligations. Rather they teach them to exalt their human relations and extend them till they include the whole human family, thus raising the world of matter to the world of Spirit by what they are in their own souls, by the light that shines from them. To make beauty really beauty and not just an appearance of the outer flesh and the outer senses; to bring the great qualities latent within us into their full meaning and significance; to live our life in such a way that it becomes a symbol and a beacon for all souls everywhere, it is for this great end that human relationships and all relationships exist.

We move, every one of us, toward this ultimate ideal. There is no one set apart for its attainment. We all have the materials at our hand; we have these instruments that we call the body,

the mind, the emotions, plus eyes, ears and the other senses.

Those who have transcended the outer things of this world pour out their inspiration upon us and are for us a living proof that this life can be lived even in a perishable body. Such saints, wherever they may be, draw men to them. They shine with selflessness, and because of this they are remembered.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

KINSHIP OF IDEALS

The Divine Being who dwells in the moving and the non-moving, but is Himself immutable; who is the Light of knowledge and the dispeller of blinding darkness; Him, the Dweller in the heart of all beings, I behold. Him, the Supreme Self, I salute. —YOGASIKHA UPANISHAD

Our true light and power lie in the hidden source of interior grace in which God springs up ceaselessly within our souls. The soul is saturated with God's own life, His activity, His inspiration, His encouragement and the radiance of His presence. "The Master is here and calls for you!" It is very rare for the interior Master not to speak in the depths of the soul.

—ABBE DE TOURVILLE

The trees and the stars and the blue hills appear to us as symbols aching with a meaning which can never be uttered in words. We seem to watch the Master in the very act of creation of a new world when a man's soul draws her heavy curtain of self aside, when her veil is lifted and she is face to face with her eternal lover. —TAGORE

EVEN TO THIS DAY

by Lady Elizabeth J. Paw Tun

[The following pages constitute excerpts from some letters written recently by Lady Paw Tun to Gayatri Devi in which she has recorded her memories of her meeting with India's Poet, Rabindranath Tagore, Swami Paramananda and Sister Daya—who became her lifelong friend—and wherein she touches upon the profound and abiding influence these great souls had upon her life.

All these experiences are so inextricably interwoven that it is difficult to present them in part. However, due to limited space, we shall keep for the future those portions of the letters dealing with her meeting with Swami Paramananda and her interview with Tagore and confine ourselves more or less to her memories of her friend, Sister Daya.

Lady Elizabeth Paw Tun, the widow of the late Burmese Premier, established a school in Rangoon in the middle nineteen-thirties to the work of which she was utterly dedicated. Recently, however, her health and the needs of her family have compelled her to leave Burma and her school—which is "still growing and expanding" under the direction of two of the pioneer teachers who were inspired by Lady Paw Tun's ideals.

—Editor]

The visit I had had with Tagore was the immediate cause of my meeting with Sister Daya. No doubt, sooner or later, we should have met anyway as she had come to Krotona, Hollywood to live where I was then living with my aunt and uncle. She had settled into a beautiful house a little higher up the hill from my aunt's home.

I had a large room on the ground level. One day soon after my meeting with the Poet, and

while I was still under the magic and inspiration of that wonderful personality, I was conscious of someone standing at my door and saying in a very gentle tone, "May I come in?" She told me who she was and that the reason for her visit was that she had heard that I had visited Sri Rabindranath Tagore and did I mind sharing the experience of that meeting with her as she was an ardent admirer of the Poet. I welcomed the opportunity and we soon found ourselves plunged not only into those visits (for she had also called on him and told me about her wonderful impressions), but we found our thoughts, our feelings and aspirations blending in a most wonderful way.

As you know, this first meeting led to a lifelong friendship that had a marked effect on both of our lives. (We were called the "Siamese twins" by the Theosophical Society members on Krotona Hill.) As I think back to those few years we spent together, our lives growing more and more intimately blended, I do not now think that anyone exerted more influence on me than she did—not even Swamiji (Swami Paramananda). He was our teacher, our guru; but she was always my interpreter. Our day to day living was filled with all that abundance of spiritual, artistic love of the true, the beautiful and the good that she expressed in all her thoughts, words and actions. Indeed it was a blessed period of my life.

But let me come back to some of the details that are so vividly remembered: One was her dramatization of *The Light of Asia.* We had met

a British actor, William Sauter, who had wandered up to Krotona and, liking the spot, decided to spend some time there. One day as we were having tea together—the three of us—in her spacious, beautiful garden, she told us of how she had dramatized a first act, using Sir Edwin Arnold's poem and adhering as closely as she could to his very words. She asked us if we would be willing to listen to it as she read and then tell her frankly what we thought about it. We were entranced and said she must go on writing it. Then our imaginations began to run riot, and we pictured it being enacted right there in her garden—the stage an inner patio gradually opening up onto a terrace, beyond which was a lotus pool and fountain and beyond that a spacious garden for the spectators.

Day by day the idea took root and began to take form. Many times she came to my house and asked me to sit in her garden with her as she was going to type more and more of her play. She would say, "Now, do not talk to me but just sit near." I would lie on the grass reading a book when suddenly she would stop and say, "Bethji, let me read what I have written to you. I have come to a standstill and want you to visualize this with me." Then she would see, right there, the stage, the actors standing, and what so-and-so would be doing. Then, again suddenly, she would say, "Yes, I have it," and click, click would go the typewriter again, and I would subside back into silence and my book.

You know the result of this effort: Her play (later produced on Broadway) was first produc-

ed there in her garden in the summer of 1918, running, I think, for about six weeks. Walter Hampden, the Shakespearean actor from New York, took the part of Prince Siddhartha who became the Buddha, refusing and remuneration as he considered it a sacred privilege to have been asked. Ruth St. Denis created and danced the "temptation scene" and Charles Wakefield Cadman composed the music. As for Bill Sauter and me, he took a minor part in the play and I never saw it, for I had to go to Cleveland that summer to visit my parents.

This production, indirectly and through the interest of a very wealthy woman from Philadelphia, whose name I have forgotten, was the inspiration and gave the original impetus to the creating and establishing of the Hollywood Bowl. And I feel very happy to have had a small but intimate part in its beginnings.

When I returned from Cleveland in September, Gina (Sister Daya) had moved into a smaller house and, as she was to be alone for some months, asked me to come to live with her during that time. I was delighted, and as the school in which I was teaching was within walking distance it was a very agreeable plan for me. At that time we were both students of Theosophy with a very marked bent for Indian literature and philosophy.

It must have been early in the New Year of 1919 that one day, while reading the newspaper, I saw a notice that Swami Parmananda [whom Lady Paw Tun had met previously in San Francisco and Cleveland] would give a public

lecture at the Vedanta Society in Los Angeles. I mentioned this to Gina and said that I would be going to hear him; did she want to go? For some reason she could not so I went off alone. At that meeting I again greeted Swami and to my astonishment he remembered me. He was giving a series of lectures and I determined to hear every one of them. I came back to Gina full of enthusiasm and delight, telling her about Swami, his lecture and a young Burmese couple I had met. The next night she decided to go with me, and after the lecture we both had a long talk with Swami and with U. Soe Thein and his wife who were again present. With Gina's customary hospitality she invited the Burmese couple to come to our house for tea. After that they were frequent visitors and we went to their home in Eagle Rock.

Needless to say, we continued to go to Swami's lectures, Gina growing more deeply interested each day. She invited Swami to come to dinner with us soon after and we talked by the open fireside until late that night. For days she talked to me about her reactions and impressions of Vedanta as compared to Theosophy. I could see the deep impression and insight into its teachings that were causing her to weigh and balance each system of thought. She had given her life to the work of Theosophy, but here was Vedanta presented and represented to her in such a simple, straightforward, clear and noble manner that doubts and conflicts began to arise in her mind. She talked long and earnestly

with Swami on many occasions during the next several months.

She used to talk to me. She said she was thinking aloud. And day by day I saw the great change come into her life. I heard her try to resolve all the problems of her outer life and finally her decision to renounce her present life and become a disciple of Swamiji. Those were precious days to me: when I saw her soul laid bare; when she reached the point that—although it would cause personal suffering which would have to be faced—deep in her soul she knew that she wanted to dedicate the remainder of her life to Vedanta by being a disciple of Swamiji.

During these weeks and months we saw the Soe Theins very often. It was approaching the month of May when the Festival of Buddha's birth, enlightenment and death is always observed by the Burmese. They invited Swami and all the members of the Society out to their house, asking Swami to have a short service after which they would feed us with Burmese food. Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn lived next door, and they had a fairly large statue of the Buddha which they gladly lent for the occasion. It was a lovely evening and the service was held by Swami on the patio in the moonlight in a truly Oriental setting.

Shortly after that Swami left for Boston and the future Sister Daya's plans began to take shape: She told me that soon she would be leaving for Boston where she would stay for one year before her final decision. I moved into a new house and continued my teaching for another

year and a half, occasionally hearing from her. After a year had passed she came out to Krotona again to finalize all her personal affairs and then returned to Boston. I saw her once then and she had a long talk with me, telling me she had found her life's work.

I do not remember that I met Swamiji again from that year of 1919 until he visited me in Rangoon for the first time in 1927-28. He came again in 1933 and soon after that visit I established my school; and he came in 1935 at which time he saw the school in session, talked to and blessed all my little ones, my teachers and the effort I was making. Those visits always brought great comfort and deep inspiration to me.

From 1920 I did not meet Sister Daya again until my visit to Ananda Ashrama in La Crescenta in 1951 when I spent two wonderful days with her. It was then that I realized there really had never been a break in our inner relationship; it seemed as though I was meeting her again after a good night's sleep—so strong was that spiritual tie between us. She has never left me even to this day. Her blessings and Swamiji's have "followed me all the days of my life." All my joys, all my sorrows, my problems and difficulties, my achievements and my failures, I have carried in thought to them and shared with them. When in trouble or doubt or distress I would try to resolve my burdens in the light of their teaching. I believe that I lived my life and am still living it under the direct influence of both of them—under the "shadow of their wings."

WHO IS MY MOTHER?

from the teachings of Sri Ramakrishna

Brahman and Shakti (God and His power) are identical, like fire and its power to burn. If you accept the one you must accept the other. That which is the Blissful Mother is, again, Existence-knowledge-bliss Absolute. One cannot think of the Absolute without the Relative, or of the Relative without the Absolute. It is one and the same Reality. When we think of it as inactive, that is to say, not engaged in the acts of creation, preservation and destruction, then we call It Brahman. But when It engages in these activities, then we call it Kali or Shakti. The Reality is the same, the difference is in name and form.

The jnanis, who adhere to the nondualistic philosophy of Vedanta, say that the acts of creation, preservation and destruction, the universe itself and all its living beings, are the manifestations of Shakti, the Divine Power. If you reason it out, you will realize that all these are as illusory as a dream. Brahman alone is the Reality, and all else is unreal. Even this very Shakti is unsubstantial, like a dream. But though you reason all your life, unless you are established in samadhi, you cannot go beyond the jurisdiction of Shakti. Even when you say, "I am meditating," still you are moving in the realm of Shakti, within Its power.

Bondage and liberation are both of Her making. By Her maya worldly people become entangled in "lust and gold," and again, through Her grace they attain their liberation.

THE TEACHER AND THE TAUGHT

by Swami Paramananda

The Rishis of India taught the Upanishads to aspirants under entirely different conditions than those that surround us today. These great spiritual teachers gave instruction freely and without heed to any regulations. There was neither registration, nor a fee, nor any outside condition compelling them to enroll students for spiritual practice. Their whole attitude was independent. They did not ask for pupils; in fact they were most particular about those who came to learn and would impart knowledge only according to fitness. Students, in turn, had to be deserving and absolutely in earnest—not mere curiosity seekers. They had to possess a passion of the soul which impelled them and which they could prove only by their humility, devotion, steadfastness and selfless service.

Those really seeking Truth do not become discouraged nor do they give up. They are consumed with the desire to know. Often their longing is satisfied readily, especially when the very presence of the pupil inspires the teacher to reveal what he knows of Truth; when there is a mutual recognition between the two. But this is not always the case by any means; many struggle and work for years before they reach the Absolute.

Secular learning can be imparted to all in some degree, but knowledge of the Imperishable requires qualifications without which the seeker's interest cannot be sustained; proper impression cannot be made and learning will

soon be forgotten. If our nature does not have attributes similar to those we are trying to grasp, the truth cannot be contained, for as often as we hear it, just that often will it pass out of our mind without our having assimilated it. In order even to appreciate something we need to have a temperament that is in tune with that particular thing. For instance, an artist or a lover of art perceives and appreciates the work of a master, but one who is devoid of any understanding of art sees the same object and brings nothing away with him. If this is true regarding art or music, it will be more so with spiritual philosphy.

In order to comprehend we need a certain aspiration and quality of mind. This is the test of the true disciple. He must possess certain necessary qualifications before he can begin to learn. For one thing he must be completely devoid of pride, pride of all kinds—physical, intellectual, of position, and of birth. If he is not free of this it will be useless for him to approach a sage and try to understand profound teachings. Humility too is imperative. These prerequisites are extolled not only in the teachings of India but in all great religions. Christ also taught this when he said that only the meek and lowly could "enter the kingdom of heaven." Sri Ramakrishna presented it very simply by his parable of the rain water. He explained that water always rolls down a steep hill and no matter how much it rains, very quickly does the hill dry up, because no moisture can be held; on the other hand, the same water settles

on and saturates the low ground. Same way it is with the human heart. Pride and preconceived ideas make it impossible for us to learn. However, if we approach the teacher with a subdued heart—one which is not turbulent with conceit, hatred or jealousy—and with senses under control, we can truly inspire the teacher to give us access to realization. It is a matter of self-purification. As the seed, falling on fertile soil, grows and bears fruit; so the truth when heard by our own pure Self becomes a reality.

Sometimes we find fault with the teaching and say that it is not doing anything for us. Many people earnestly questioned Christianity, asking how it could have produced such terrible conditions in the world. Someone answered, "Christianity has not yet been tried." That is true. What does it matter from where the theory or dogma comes, whether you unearth it out of the remote past of Vedic philosophy or from some other source. It may have the loftiest sounding note, but it will not bear fruit in our lives unless we are ready to receive and practice it. Only then does such teaching benefit us. Even the most wonderful idea, if given to one who is unprepared, will be misinterpreted.

Once I quoted a passage from the Bhagavad-Gita before a group of people. Later one of them said that those words embodied a very dangerous doctrine. The quotation was: "He who has no egotistical notion, (such as 'I am the doer'), whose understanding is not affected (by good and evil), even though slaying these people (his enemies), he neither slays nor is

bound (by action)." Can anyone who is really free of egotism and selfishness do anything unworthy? No, that is not possible. Even his body would refuse. Such a person is incapable of committing a harmful act because he has completely given his heart and soul to the all-knowing, all-loving Spirit and has thus become His instrument. It is only when we are actuated by small, petty desires of self that we do that which may lead to crime.

This illustrates how two translations of the same idea differ when understood and interpreted by people living in divergent spheres of consciousness. For this very reason certain teachings can be given to some and not to others. Ceremonials and rituals are like a child's play when reviewed from the state of ultimate vision, and yet even these have a distinct place in the Vedic teachings. There are those who need them; therefore, as long as desire for them exists let it be fulfilled and so benefit the soul nature. It is useless to try to make people understand something beyond their comprehension. Each should be given and led by that for which his understanding is prepared and ready. In this way the whole philosophy unfolds and brings vision of the Vast, the Imperishable, of which all are a part.

Form comes into existence from the Infinite like a spark out of the fire, in different shapes, structures, and molds. All comes forth from That One ever present Spirit; and all ultimately find rest in That. It exists within the very heart and consciousness of each one. It is formless,

unbounded, eternal. It is never born nor does It ever die. It always has been and always will be. There is nothing that exists without That. Although He is limitless yet He is the very soul of our souls. We turn east, west, north, south, upward and downward—all is permeated by Him. All that grows on earth, everything that is created, living, moving, unmoving, all have been evolved out of that One.

This is the most wonderful conception of the Deity. It gives a deathblow to any limited idea of God or Truth, and whenever we can rise above a restricted viewpoint we have the chance to find unity; we see God manifested not only through ourselves but in all forms. Then no more can we dislike anything, nor shrink from anyone. We become universal by breaking down all the barriers of dogmatism and bigotry.

But then if He is formless, how can we conceive of Him? In one of the Upanishads the story is told of a teacher eager to give his pupil a definite picture of Brahman, the Absolute. He tried variously to give the disciple something concrete to think and meditate upon. One day the pupil was asked to go and bring his teacher a lump of salt and a cup of water, to place the salt in the water and return the next day. The disciple did as he was told. When asked to find the salt he said, "I cannot see it." "Very well, taste the water; taste it from above and below and everywhere," said the teacher, "and tell me how it tastes." "It is salty all through, sire," replied the pupil. The teacher then explained that this is true of Brahman,

the Infinite, the all-abiding Spirit. Like the salt in the water it permeates and pervades the whole universe. Although It cannot be seen, nevertheless It exists.

Stories of this kind stimulate our mind to meditation; they give us something definite to concentrate upon; this is the whole purpose of the Upanishads. They do not claim to give us knowledge which we can put into our pockets and carry away. They exalt our mind, unfold our understanding in a certain direction so that we solve the riddle for ourselves. No one else can do it for us, nor can anyone deprive us of it. "Know thou art That. Know thyself." Anyone can repeat this great saying of the Upanishads, but it does not help much if he does not analyze the meaning and use its import in his daily life.

It is for us to make ourselves either worthy or unworthy. Sometimes we turn our face away from Divinity and ask why someone does not give us the light. But the light is behind us; it is within and all around us.

The Upanishads teach how we may turn our vision inward through the power of meditation; how we may awaken the Spirit which is always with us. As we believe in this truth, as we reflect it in our individual lives, our stature grows with our faith. We feel more and more the reality of our own spiritual existence and our whole life becomes fashioned after it. Then whoever crosses our path or comes in contact with us becomes inspired by the Ideal—by our ardent and persistent dedication to It. Only by

remembering day by day our spiritual heritage does the real, the great fulfillment come to us. Who finds the way to That, finds peace and abiding happiness.

He about whom many are not even able to hear, whom many cannot comprehend even after hearing: wonderful is the teacher, wonderful is he who can receive when taught by an able teacher.

When taught by a man of inferior understanding, this Atman cannot be truly known, even though frequently thought upon. There is no way (to know It) unless it is taught by another, for it is subtler than the subtle and beyond argument. —KATHA-UPANISHAD

BOOK REVIEW

Masterpieces of the Orient, a recent book published by W. W. Norton Company, Inc., New York City, deals with the classic literature of Eastern countries ranging from the third century B.C. up to the present time. The styles of writing and subjects vary with each country, however, basic classifications remain essentially the same—i. e., romantic, heroic, and religious. From the light tones of romantic love expressed by early Persian and Indian writers to the terse form of Haiku from Japan and the religious writings of China and India, the book makes excellent reading. There is a note of special interest in it for "Message" readers as the section on India contains a portion of *The Blessed Lord's Song* (Bhagavad-Gita) translated by Swami Paramananda.

We must realize and manifest in our daily life the ideals which we have grasped through the study of books and from our parents and masters. We should recognize that God is all-pervading and dwells in the smallest of the small and the largest of the large.

As the image or reflection of the sun cannot exist for a second independently of the self-luminous heavenly body, so the individual soul, being the image of God, cannot exist even for a moment without depending upon the divine Principle. The individual ego owes its life, its intelligence, its intellect, mind, and all other mental and physical powers to the infinite source of all powers, all knowledge, all love and everlasting happiness. In fact, the individual soul does not possess anything. All these powers and forces . . . proceed from that one inexhaustible source. Nor is the divine Principle far from us; He is the soul of our soul, the life of our life, and the omnipotent essence of our being.

The nature of the Self is all-knowing; its knowledge does not depend upon the relation between the knower and the object of knowledge, but it remains unchanged even when all the objects of knowledge have ceased to exist. The all-knowing Self may be compared to the self-effulgent sun. As the nature of the sun is to illumine itself as well as other objects, so the light of the Self illumines its own nature as also the phenomenal world.

There is only one knower and that knower is

a part of the universal Knower, which is God. Your own true Self is by its birthright part and parcel of this infinite Being.

You can never lose your individuality, no matter where you go. When Christ realized his individuality as one with his Father in heaven, he did not lose his individuality, but he became conscious of his greater individuality in the Father as immortal Being. He became conscious of his infinite Individuality. He went to the source of all life. . . . We are marching onward to that goal, and we cannot stop until we have become one with that infinite Being.

No individual soul, whether virtuous or sinful, rich or poor, can ever become truly sinless and happy without coming into . . . (the) state of God-consciousness. You may cry for help and pray for forgiveness day after day, . . . but rest assured that he who will forgive your sins is your own Self. You may call that divine nature God, Buddha or Christ; it is all the same; no other than the divine Self possesses the power of forgiving the sins of the individual ego.

If we once understand that God is the source of all existence and power and is the one Reality, that outside of God no existence is possible, then we begin to feel the presence of divinity everywhere. In our every action we realize that the divine power is working through us, and at every moment of our earthly existence we feel ourselves to be like so many instruments through which the divine will manifests itself, and we do whatever He ordains. All our actions are then

turned into acts of worship of the supreme Deity. . . . All fear then vanishes, all sins are redeemed, and the individual soul becomes free from the bondage of ignorance and selfishness.

The Absolute is the basis of the universe . . . it is the background of God which is nothing but the cosmic ego. . . . (These) are convertible terms. The personal God whom we worship is the cosmic ego, who sees through all eyes and hears through all ears. He is conscious of the whole Self. . . . Just as we are conscious of our little world, so God is conscious of the whole universe. As we govern and regulate our individual existence, so the cosmic existence is regulated and directed by the cosmic ego (or) . . . personal God.

The infinite, eternal Brahman does, indeed, appear and manifest itself with a spiritual form to satisfy the desire of the devotee. . . . Whereever there is intense longing to see God, whereever there is unflinching devotion and unselfish love with the whole heart and soul, there is the manifestation of the formless One to fulfill the desire of the devotee. . . . Intense longing, unswerving devotion, and wholehearted love of the soul draw out from the infinite source any particular form which the devotee wishes to see and worship; they have the power, as it were, to condense and solidify the water of the ocean of Reality into the various forms. The spiritual form of the Divinity arises in the ocean of formless Brahman . . . floats there for some time, and after satisfying the desire of the true devotee . . . merges into that ocean again.

BE STILL MY MIND

by Gayatri Devi

When a man, having freed his mind from sloth, distraction and vacillation, becomes, as it were, delivered from his mind, that is the highest point. The mind must be restrained in the heart till it comes to an end; that is knowledge; that is liberty; all the rest are extensions of the ties (which bind us to this life).

—MAITRAYANA-BRAHMANA-UPANISHAD

This passage impresses me as one not only to be reflected upon, but one that offers a technique which could be of great benefit to us. We find in these words a very definite instruction. The teaching is old and well tried. It has been put into practice, and the result has been gained. Even though we are not always spiritually aspiring, I think every one of us experiences times when he feels a great need to be freed from his own mind.

When we are conscious of much that is pressing upon our own thoughts and reactions, when we are aware of our own being, weighted down, afflicted, it is then that we long for deliverance from the mind. I do not know how often you experience this need, but I can speak for myself. One might imagine that someone who lives in a retreat on a mountain top, in surroundings that radiate such peace and tranquility, must have a life in which there are no ripples. This is far from the truth. No matter who we are or how we are placed in life, in our own sphere we have to meet the problems and accept the challenges that life brings us; we have to hold fast to our

ideals and exhibit steadfastness under all conditions. Otherwise we cannot fulfill our own destiny.

When we are conscious of what there is for us to meet and cope with, we cry out for that which can come to our aid. We do not have to be mentally sick to experience mental affliction. We do not have to undergo some momentous experience to know how our mind can react in meeting with what each day brings to our door. We experience what is human, what is natural, what is inevitable. We want deliverance from it—not by becoming escapists, shirking our duties, forgetting our obligations, being cowardly or fearful—but by seeking refuge in That which can come to our rescue at the time of need, making us tranquil and steadfast.

In today's world everybody is taking tranquilizers. It is becoming a common practice. Doctors want to give them not only to patients in the hospitals but to everyone. They calm the nerves; they affect the chemistry of the body. They do bring momentary relief; but the question comes, is this a permanent cure, something we can rely upon? Can we blow away our fears, worries, cares merely by taking a tranquilizer? You know the answer. It is not possible. So if you come to me, I will recommend a type of tranquilizer which you will not be able to buy at the drug store and no doctor is going to prescribe for you. Yet, it is available. It is in your own keeping, there for you to have. It is something which you can find within your own resources. But these resources do not lie on the

surface level of your existence. You are not going to find that which will make you tranquil, which will bring you a state of freedom and stillness, by gathering something from outer life. You have to learn the way to reach the stillness of your own being.

The introductory quotation is meaningful because it speaks of the mind being delivered from itself. We can be caught within the very labyrinth of our own mind and its complexities. Most human beings are caught thus. Show me a man who has come to simplicity, who has resolved his own conflicts, who is free and not habitually afflicted by what arises from his mind. Rare, indeed, is such a soul. We constantly suffer from the intricacies, the problems and the conflicts of our own mind. But we must learn that there is something beyond this.

What you cannot have from your mind, can you find it elsewhere? The answer to this question is to go beyond your mind. This is what the wise men, the experienced teachers, the experts in that subtle realm of life, tell us. Of course there is something beyond your mind, but you must learn how to find it, how to reach it. You say, "Tell us the way. How do we do it?" It is by practice, practice that you adopt for yourself.

In the sixth chapter of the Bhagavad-Gita which deals with Dhyana Yoga, the path of meditation, we find the disciple to whom the teaching is being imparted, speaking realistically, forcefully, pointing out to his teacher, Sri Krishna, the difficulties that confront him. The disciple says: "O Krishna, the mind is restless,

turbulent, strong and unyielding. I consider it as difficult to subdue as the wind." And the blessed Lord replies, "Doubtless, O mighty-armed, the mind is restless and difficult to control; but, O Son of Kunti, through practice and dispassion it can be conquered."

I want to comment here upon what is meant by practice—practice by which you can control this mind that is so unyielding. Practice of stillness, practice of control, possession of your own power by which you can harness all the forces of your mind—this can be done by everyone. For this, however, each individual needs time, opportunity, and above all he needs the desire. When we are desperate, then we go to a doctor, then we reach for every source of help, but not until then. If we were taught the value, the necessity of keeping ourselves in a controlled state of consciousness by our daily practice, by certain habits and usages, then when the problem comes, we would not be so desperate. In other words, we must first recognize our own need of a way of life in which there is time for practicing control of mind, where there is opportunity for meditation by which we can reach the deeper levels of our consciousness.

By what do we make our mind still when the need is desperate? It is by that which comes forth from the depth of our own being. There is within us this still pool, this reservoir of something so real, so soothing, so powerful; only we do not know that it exists. We even deny its reality, because what covers it is so much more real to us. We cannot cut through to what lies

underneath. For this very reason the wise teach us to practice stillness of the mind daily, habitually, consciously. Let us not wait for the time when we are driven by need to discover our resources. Let us discover them now, acknowledge them, use them. When we know our own need, we must say to ourselves, "Why, it is hopeless to live in this world where the constant whirlpools, the currents and rapids are going to catch me. I do not want to be caught! I must not only *get* my bearing, but I must *keep* my bearing."

We can avoid the whirlpools and rapids if we really want to do so. This is where Krishna's second injunction comes to life. He has said there are two practices: One is the practice of the mental discipline, by which we go beneath the mind and reach the level where there is stillness. The other is detachment, dispassion. We must meet everything that happens without becoming completely involved in it—meet it with an attitude of dispassion. We may even use the word, indifference. At this point you will perhaps raise the argument: "If we were indifferent to everything we have to do and in which we have to participate, we would not be able to fulfill our obligations."

But there is a way, the higher way of participation. We must learn to open up our inner consciousness, to operate from the deeper level of our being. The man who does not live from the deeper level of his being has a very hard road to travel. As we learn to establish ourselves through habitual return to this deeper level, we

find that what we gain there we are able to utilize in our outer life of confusion, action, distraction.

You must tell yourself again and again and again, "My mind, be still!" You do not need to say it when your mind is already still. There are certain conditions that arouse only a sense of bliss, when one feels unobstructed. But when there is a reason, when there are problems, it is then you must teach your mind detachment, indifference to the externals, steadfastness in That which will really hold it. When your mind is going in a circle, when it is in a whirlpool, when you are caught, it is then you reach out toward That which is beyond your mind and try to go across it, instead of becoming more and more a part of the condition that is enmeshing you. This becomes easy if you have learned some spiritual practice. That is why it is constantly recommended that you live the type of life by which you can from moment to moment reach down into the depth of your being, for it is from That, stillness comes.

"There comes a time however, and at last, when . . . the brain ceases from its terrified and insatiate quest. . . . The man at last lets Thought go; he glides below it into the quiet feeling, the quiet sense of his own identity with the Self of other things—of the universe. He glides past the feeling into the very identity itself. . . . He leans back in silence on that inner being, and bars off for a time every thought, every movement of the mind, every impulse to

action, or whatever in the faintest degree may stand between him and That; and so there comes to him a sense of absolute repose, a consciousness of immense and universal power."

You and I can feel at home with this thought from the English thinker-mystic, Edward Carpenter. We have experienced how thought passes, struggle goes, activity of the mind ceases, and we let it go; we do not hold on. We loosen from without and slip into the state of stillness and repose within. This is what happens when we are meditating. We can gain a sense of repose when we shut out the world and disassociate ourself from everything external. It is natural then to experience this inner stillness. How very desirable this is every one of us who has experienced it can testify. It is a luxury, indeed—a luxury that sometimes we have to forego, and yet it is the soul's need. How easily a man can be worn down by life, by the struggles, adversities, tragedies, by everything that life can bring him! He must become mindful of the way of deliverance and not be bogged down by life in any way. He must learn to live as a free spirit, in full possession of this tranquility, stability, poise and balance. To be able to do that, he must feed the inner man. It is only the inner man who can withstand the onslaughts of the outer.

Each one of us is as two entities within the same house. One is rushing, pushing, working; wanting to gain this or that, to be successful in the desire for accomplishment and satisfaction; it is driven and driven. The other, as if the very

witness of the outer man, is looking on in wonder, and perhaps sometimes in disgust. We must become acquainted with our other Self. This is our divine Self. Vedanta speaks of it as the witness, the man and the God who dwell simultaneously in the framework of our personality.

In order to know this other can we not strike a balance between the two? Even when we have known the other, the Self, we have to live as man. Therefore, when we can find this balance, life begins to move smoothly for us, not from the outside, but smoothly from within, because we are learning from what point to operate.

This must be done, and we will do it for ourself when our own need has become a very vital issue. Following a religion, studying philosophy, being indoctrinated by ideologies and stimulated by idealism is not sufficient. We need all this to help us toward our eventual gain, which is to find ourselves at the deepest level and to become what we are in that deepest level. But what about our emotions, our desires; what about all the problems and conflicts of the personality—one part pulling one way, one part the other; what about all this? Do you want to resolve everything? You can, and not through psychiatry or superficial religion, but by actual cognition and awareness and identification of yourself with this inner man—with That.

Edward Carpenter speaks of it as That, and this language we understand. The Vedic seers also spoke of That. Just think what a revelation

it is when we wake up and know that it is within us. We do not have to go out of ourselves, running here, there and everywhere for help. We need to find our home within.

I have come upon some newly discovered sayings of Jesus and they strike a responsive chord. I find that what he says can be so easily related to what I am trying to convey to you: "I stood in the midst of the world. And in the flesh was I seen of them, and I found all men drunken, and none found I athirst among them. And my soul grieveth over the souls of men, because they are blind in heart. Let him who seeks, seek until he finds, and when he finds he shall be astonished. Astonished, he shall reach the kingdom, and having reached the kingdom, he shall rest."

It is not difficult to feel at home with this. It is when we reach the kingdom that we find rest. But where is the kingdom? We seek, we toil, we struggle, becoming more and more outward in our seeking. But has anyone found himself? Has anyone found the kingdom? Has anyone found rest through his outer quest? To be truthful, we have to say, "no." Only when he has found the kingdom.

Our real refuge is within us; therefore, we need to practice the type of introversion that will take us beyond our mind, beyond our emotional upheavals, beyond our confused, analytical thinking.

You say, "I have not time, children calling, duties demanding all that I have to give, hu-

manity's urge; the need is so great, I cannot forget it." You cannot forget any of these demands, but you *can* forget this inward calling, pulling. You say, "I have not felt the pull." If you have not, you have not yet come to the awareness of your need. But you will. If you have the slightest degree of spiritual awakening, you will come to see how urgent, how important, how imperative it is for you to answer this call.

How do you answer it? You say to your mind, "Be still." You say to the world, "Leave me alone. I must go, I must be alone within my own being." This is the way to begin. Your opportunity may not last but for a very brief period in the twenty-four hours. Just think how much time we give to all other activities! We must sleep so long. We must have recreation otherwise life becomes too monotonous, too strenuous. We must take very good care of our physical being in eating, sleeping, recreation, studying, aesthetic pursuits and sensuous pleasures. We have time for everything. But when it comes to our soul's need, where is the time? And so we drown, and sometimes we are lost.

Indeed, every soul takes a chance in being lost to himself. Those are not the lost souls who have not accepted Jesus. Everyone can be a lost soul if he is lost within. But why should he be lost? Only he has to awaken and have understanding. When we have the understanding, then we must not be slothful, negligent, casual or careless. Find your way, and once you have found it, no matter how many obstacles you experience, you will want to overcome them.

In his material exploration and adventure, man has the spirit to overcome all difficulties. He does not yield to difficulty. The same applies to our quest, our effort and true ability to find That within ourselves. Once we have found It and begun to draw from It, what happens? You will see that into your life will come a flood tide of quietude. The very personality becomes still. Where you were formerly nervous, disorganized, tense, suddenly you begin to relax and to become more and more tranquil. The mark, the effect of what has happened inside your being will be upon your outer personality. Then you will begin to carry peace and poise. What comes from within will spread itself to your outer being.

It is when we are in actual practice of communion and meditation—of a sacred introversion—that we feel this most. But it must be carried out of this realm of consciousness into outer life. Even the memory, the impression of that which we gain at our very best and most quiet moment is a tremendous aid in life, when tribulation and struggle and all the outer conditions assail us. It is by the strength and the actual experience of our own inner life that we fortify ourselves for our outer life in order to play our part well and prove to ourselves our own intrinsic worth.

We should not regard this as a very difficult goal. All of us want to become more complete, more integrated. We want to be whole, and we are not really whole until we have gained this

unity of the outer self with our inner divinity—until this inner divinity begins to spread itself all through us.

This is the change that we look forward to in our life. We will see our personality undergoing this change. We will become more and more That which we are. But this is not a cloak, a gorgeous garment that we can put on from outside. It is the mantle of Spirit which will enfold us—when we have found it—from within our own being.

Inspired living is the consequence of possessing the spirit of God in our lives. It is His spirit in us that illuminates the sacred inner chambers of our existence; puts grandeur, magnificence and glory into true focus; and, as we become aware of it, it enriches every aspect of our life. However, not all of us have a quickened thirst for this spirit—even though it ignites the far reaches of our imagination and lifts our being to supreme heights. Is it because too much of our life is material-centered, physically bound and cluttered with concerns, that we explicitly avoid the intricacies of reaching for divine substance in life? We can no doubt forever grope in darkness—and for many in the world, life is not much else. But, why should we grovel—when through supreme intelligence we can find the spirit of God to help us shape our aspirations, establish true values, and enable us to love life to its richest possibilities?

—Henry S. C. Cummings

SISTER DAYA

As spoken or written words are only partial symbols of the language of the soul, similarly it is not possible to pay adequate tribute to the beauty, dignity and loftiness of a pure soul completely dedicated to the Highest. Sister Daya, great and noble, beloved by everyone, radiated so many facets of divine light that she was at once both the sage and the child. Possessed of many extraordinary gifts and talents she spent herself freely upon all who knew her. Even as a small child her native goodness and gentleness were predominant characteristics. As she grew to maturity she became aware of her life's purpose and steadfastly pursued her goal until the end, leaving this earthly plane as a "saint of steady wisdom."

After Swami Paramananda's passing the editorship of the *Message of the East,* on which she had worked for so many years, became her entire responsibility. To this important vehicle of spiritual dissemination which acquaints the people of the West with the wisdom of the East, she devoted her wholehearted time and attention. In addition Sister Daya succeeded the Swami as minister in charge of Ananda Ashrama in La Crescenta until her own passing in 1955.

Sister Daya's life was innnately linked with that of Swami Paramananda, her guru, whom she met in April, 1919. At that first meeting without any preamble she breathlessly asked: "Swami, tell me, how does the supreme vision come?" He looked at her with tender compas-

sion and replied, "It comes gradually, just as the sunrise." The eager question revealed her absolute sincerity in the search for spiritual enlightenment. In days to come the Swami's teaching became so deeply impressed upon the consciousness of the disciple that in the highest aspect her spirit was integrated with that of her Ideal.

Born as the youngest daughter of a United States senator, reared in reasonable comfort and ease with little or no training for self-service, it was difficult when Sister Daya, having found her teacher, left the world behind in order to live a life of dedication and service under his spiritual direction. In a community such as Swami Paramananda was forming there was need for all kinds of talents. Work and worship were one and the same, and no form of labor was mean.

Neither by temperament nor by training was our Sister Daya the type which could be regarded as practical. In those early days in Boston when Swami Paramananda was preparing his devoted band, one by one, for their specific roles of service, Sister Daya was once allowed to cook. The result was not too satisfactory. We heard the story in the midst of peals of laughter: how rice was burned to a crisp and Swamiji never allowed his novice to try her hand again at that task. So great was Sister Daya's zeal to serve in a domestic capacity that she felt hurt and considered this lack of efficiency a definite drawback. The result was that she offered to wash dishes. During the thirty-six

years Sister Daya lived either in the Vedanta Centre of Boston or in the Ananda Ashrama at La Crescenta, much water flowed through her fingers and mostly in the dish pans. As the celebrations were continuous year after year, so the dishes in use were innumerable. Thus she earned the title of "champion dishwasher."

Throughout her life Sister Daya wrote — poetry or prose, lyrics or songs, jingles or ballads, dramas or essays. Writing needed no effort on her part; it flowed from her like a spring, free and spontaneous. Was someone having a birthday? Was Swamiji launching a festival or did a Christmas celebration need some mirth and foolishness? Sister Daya was always there ready with her wit, her gift of pen and her desire to add merriment and to give happiness. Silly fortunes came out of walnut shells instead of their meat; at the Thanksgiving dinner serious verses adorned the eucalyptus leaves meant to be place cards to the table. All were brain children of Sister Daya.

Sister Daya has left a veritable spiritual legacy of wise counsel for all who wish to follow the path of discipleship, in the form of a diary entitled *From a Disciple's Notebook*. This record of the daily and informal gatherings of the Swami with the household, frequently at mealtimes or other casual meetings was kept at the expressed wish of the Swami and therefore always had great meaning in her own life and continues to inspire those who read it today.

One year the Swami decided to hold Summer School out-of-door classes, three times daily at

appointed hours, when he would share spiritual, philosophical truths, interpreting various sacred scriptures of the world. These spontaneous teachings the disciple later recorded from notes and from memory. Through this personal notebook Sister Daya unconsciously reveals a luminous account of her own spiritual unfoldment. Thus the Sister's journal produces a most valuable record of the soul's adventure into higher realms on its onward march to liberation, the ultimate goal of every living being. From this journal we have generously drawn, for it reflects Sister Daya's utter self-forgetfulness and her immersion in the living example of her Ideal:

"One afternoon Swami said to the disciple, 'In spiritual life one must always have a light touch.' Throughout the ensuing years she was to perceive the amazing delicacy of his own touch on life itself, on human hearts, on all things animate and inanimate. He never seemed of this earth, although no one was more merry, more warmly human, yes, or more practical. He wanted us to become so aware of the divine Presence, even in the dust beneath our feet, that our consciousness gradually would become suffused with it and our very footfalls would grow gentle.

"Often and often he would say, 'One must *feel* in the world of religion. Spirituality is a matter of feeling.' For this reason, he told us, we should try to create an atmosphere of beauty and holiness, especially in places of worship, so that the mind may be attracted to contemplation and inner awareness.

"Meeting one's true teacher no matter when and no matter where, is like beholding a sunrise: it is overwhelming, absolute, not to be denied. It comes with the authenticity of pure beauty, of truth, of love unsullied by the things of this world. There is an element of great destiny in it; for one knows it could not have been otherwise—that it was ordained somehow, somewhere, deep in the beginning of things!

"One day the disciple asked the Swami, 'What method do you want me to follow in meditation?' The Swami answered, 'Lay yourself at the feet of Divine Mother.' No room for egotism here; no room for mere intellectual effort; rather the whole world of surrender opened before her, and a path—the final goal of which could be no less than immersion in the ocean of God."

Again we read the Swami's recorded words: "Never be disheartened and never give up. Know that you have been called out of a small circle that you may find your true home and usefulness in a bigger world. Have faith in yourself, in your vocation, and in the Divine.

"Spiritual wisdom asks of us always to express the bliss of God. As we draw closer and closer to that Fountainhead of joy we become joyful. All sadness vanishes as we are permeated with the radiance of that infinite bliss. Anyone who brings to us the vivid, living radiance of God-consciousness, our indebtedness to him is unbounded. We can never repay what we receive from him. They are called the *gurus,* these master-spirits who destroy the darkness of the soul."

A vivid picture of Sister Daya which comes to mind is that of the tall, dignified, impressive figure as she stood upon the Temple platform giving inspiring sermons which flowed freely and spontaneously from her lips, glowing with eloquence and spiritual fervor. Many hearts were deeply touched and her influence upon their lives was steadfast and abiding for she was a true channel for the furtherance of a sacred mission.

Sister Daya's concluding utterances at her last Sunday service, given in La Crescenta, entitled "Winged Spirit" reveal her state of consciousness: "What alone should move us is not whether we live or die, not whether we are this or that, but that Truth shall live, that Beauty shall live, and that man's highest ideals shall live, and that all men shall at last lift up their heads and know that happiness that comes, not from circumstance but from the undying, the deathless winged spirit within."

Humility and humanity, compassion and love so charged Sister Daya's life that in her one recognized a fullness which had no limit. Everything about her person had become big. She could never stoop to any act that was small or petty. She could forgive and suffer but never strike back. Again and again she quoted Lord Buddha's injunction, "What is needed is a loving heart," or would say, "There cannot be too much love in the world."

Such is the beauty of a spiritual aristocrat and true renouncer giving up all for love of God and His devotees.

NO EAST NOR WEST

A Memoir of Tagore

by Astrid Setterwall Angstrom

Let only that little be left of me
whereby I may name thee my all.
Let only that little be left of my will
whereby I may feel thee on every side,
and come to thee in everything,
and offer to thee my love every moment.

. . . . . .

Let only that little of my fetters be left
whereby I am bound with thy will,
and thy purpose is carried out in my life—
and that is the fetter of thy love.

—Tagore

The yearly festival of Sweden's Nobel Foundation, at which the Nobel prizes are given, takes place on the birthday of its founder, December tenth. The prizes are presented personally by the King. And on this occasion each of the recipients delivers a lecture.

Rabindranath Tagore, the poet of Bengal, was awarded the Nobel prize in literature in 1913. The English translations of *Gitanjali* and many of his other works appeared immediately in the bookstores, and the literarily minded Swedes devoured them eagerly. Thus they knew and loved him already before his arrival. For owing to world conditions at the time he received the prize, Tagore was prevented from accepting the invitation to Stockholm, and it was not before May twenty-fifth, 1921, that he at last came to Sweden.

On that day the streets were crowded in the lovely sunshine of spring. It was warm. Blue and white anemones carpeted the woods. The little river uniting Lake Malaren with the sea danced under the bridges with spring-tide fervor. The boats of the archipelago lay shining white in the harbor, and the seagulls made elegant loops in the air.

Swedes are not demonstrative, but India's poet was received with great veneration. A wreath of wild spring flowers was put around his neck. People stood with bare heads along the streets where he passed. Tiny school children in white dresses met him at the Grand Hotel and sang to him. The old King, Gustavus V, received him in the royal palace and had a long talk with him. Sweden did all it could to honor its guest from the Orient.

On Thursday, the twenty-sixth of May at four-thirty P.M., Tagore delivered his Nobel lecture. He related how he had been on the way to the woods at Santiniketan with a party of friends. As they were passing the post office a messenger ran out and handed him a telegram. He put it into his pocket without looking at it until a member of the party made him read it. At first he did not understand what it was about, but gradually it dawned upon him that a small country in the north of Europe had shown him a great honor. When he saw how happy the teachers were and how the children of his school rejoiced, he grasped what had happened and was greatly moved.

He thanked his hosts, he thanked Sweden for

being the only country that gives an award to a poet. He told of a childhood memory, from the shore of the Ganges: A poor unknown Swede had drifted to the holy river—out of love for India's culture. He came to learn and to serve. He saw his brother in every man. This man, the poet said, was the first representative of Western chivalry that he had met. When this man died he was, according to his own wish, cremated in India. Hammergren was his name. "He is unknown here," were Tagore's words, "but he lives in our memory."

When all this happened the one who writes these lines, then a very young woman, was sent to Tagore to make her first interview. With a palpitating heart she met him at the Grand Hotel later in the evening of that same day—after a banquet had been held in his honor by the Swedish Academy.

This is what she wrote:

"Mr. Bomanji, the poet's friend and secretary met me in the hall of the Grand Hotel and accompanied me to the suite occupied by Tagore. Coming from the dim light of stairs and corridors my eyes were almost blinded when Mr. Bomanji opened the door to the livingroom. At that moment the light seemed to be concentrated around the old man, who rose from his seat by the window, advanced toward me and took my hands in his with such friendliness —as if he already knew me. There emanated from him a sunny harmony that seemed to fill the room. His son was also there, a young man

with the same good eyes, the same smile as the father.

"The aging poet was dressed in a long silk tunic that fell in soft graceful folds. The light grey beard almost melted into the darker grey of the dress. His hair, parted in the middle, framed his face in long curls. The fine bronze colored features, so perfectly cut, gave an impression of deep serenity. When he smiled it was like the sun breaking through clouds. His eyes had that velvet luster of Eastern eyes. The background to this picture was the clear blue-green sky seen through the open window.

"Tagore told of his school founded twenty years ago when he himself was forty years old. He said with a twinkle that no one had expected this from him—who had passed the greater part of his life in writing. Therefore he was often asked upon what idea his school was founded. This question was difficult for him to answer, for his idea was not like a foundation on which a house was to be built; it was like a seed, and no one would be able to tell the exact moment when it would grow into a plant.

"In the India of old there existed a kind of forest-center. These were not schools in the ordinary sense, but places where men lived with their families and their disciples and contemplated in stillness on the relation between God and man. Though isolated from the world these men had the same significance for it as the sun has for the planets. They were the source from which the world received its light and life. With them the Indian boys were educated close to

nature before they were considered ready to take their part in the life of society. The tradition of these forest-centers is honored even today, and to some degree they have been the pattern after which Tagore has built his own school. As a child he himself was harrowed by too-severe school systems that limited his free development. Children have an unquenchable thirst to enjoy life. They must be given opportunity to do this in harmonious surroundings. The name Santiniketan means 'the dwelling of peace.' This place was consecrated to those who seek God in solitude by the poet's father, Maharshi Devendranath Tagore.

"The teaching for the most part takes place out-of-doors. This only has to be regular: Each student must sit alone at least fifteen minutes every morning and evening.

"It was here in Santiniketan that Tagore wrote most of the songs in *Gitanjali*. He put them to music himself and the disciples were eager to learn and sing them. They sing them now on moonlit nights. His later dramatic works were also conceived here and have been acted by the devotees.

"When Tagore received the Nobel prize he used it to start a university at Santiniketan where Eastern and Western scientists could meet in mutual seeking of truth. It is his wish to enlarge it so that is will embrace all Eastern cultures, the Semitic, the Aryan, the Mongolian and others. It will show the Orient to the Westerner. The teaching of art is of greatest importance here. Tagore's nephew, who is already

known in Europe for his illustrations of the *Rubaiyat* by Omar Khayyam, is one of the teachers.

"To unite East and West is what Tagore calls his mission. Travelling through Europe he invited scientists and artists to his university, to meet there independent of all differences of race and politics.

"When he talks of his mission his face becomes illumined. As he raises his hand in a blessing or an imperative gesture, he appears to be a prophet who, in this present time that is darkened by hatred between nations, visualizes the brotherhood of man and invites us all to partake of the wisdom of the East and make it our own.

" 'You must come to us,' he says. 'You must live among us and learn to understand and love us. All will be open to you—my home, my school. You have only to enter.'

"Then he tells an incident to illustrate the outlook on life in India. A servant woman came to his room to replace faded flowers with fresh ones. She took the withering flowers in her hands touched her forehead with them, shed tears over them, whispered loving words to them and kissed them. 'In this tender way,' he continues, 'the people of India love all life as a part of themselves.'

"Then he draws a word picture of India, enthralling and full of poetry. He describes its mountains, forests, and rivers. He relates how he used to spend his time in his boat on the Ganges, listening to the voice of nature or

And his final words are, 'Solitude is our greatest wealth.' "

The friendly secretary arranged several meetings with the poet during his short stay. When he delivered his public talk in the great hall of the auditorium this writer was among his company and sat behind him on the stage. It was difficult to hear from there because his voice was not strong, but it provided good opportunities to observe how the people were under the spell of his personality, how they hungered for his message of harmony.

"We need each other," he said. "The West needs the creative power of the Orient, which originates in its consciousness of the Infinite. Machinery will never succeed in creating a harmonious world or fill the gaping emptiness of humanity. This power is alone given to goodness and beauty. The yearning for beauty is creative power . . . Politics or economic egotism will never bring happiness to the world, nor will the calculations of power in the long run be able to withstand the irrational strength of Love. The craving for power to control others will infallibly bring about revolt by injured humanity—the terrible retaliation of the weak."

He expressed his appreciation for the sympathy he had met in Sweden and the interest for India. He had found rapport among this people in the far North.

When the lecture was over there was a throng of people in the street. A poorly dressed woman worked herself up to the poet and handed him

a bunch of lilies of the valley. He took it and smiled. The incident recalled to the writer's memory some words the poet had written to her in one of his books: "The forgotten sacrifices of leaves blossom in flowers and the light of the human world is maintained by lives that are obscure."

There are a few other pictures of memory from those days. The talk in the car that took Tagore and his party to Carl Milles' garden stands out clearly. How her question was formulated the writer does not now recall, only that she put it with trembling heart: Did words always come to him; did he live in constant inspiration? He answered, almost with the words of one of his poems, that sometimes he thought his gift had been taken away from him, that the time had come "to take shelter in silent obscurity." But then the inspiration flowed again. "And when old words die out on the tongue, new melodies break forth; and where old tracks are lost, new country is revealed with its wonders."

The sculptor Carl Milles' home is built on a rock on an island close to Stockholm. Now the name of the sculptor is well known in the world. Forty years ago he was a struggling artist and Millesgarden was being crated. Where there is now a multitude of playing fountains, there were then a few scarce sculptures, a few cascades of water. Where there are big plane terraces cut out of the mountain, it was then bare wild rock sloping toward the sea.

The tall slim Indian poet with his followers

in sparkling saris entered the garden through the wrought iron gate bearing in decorative letters the sculptor's motto: "Let me work while the day is still burning."

The short broad-shouldered artist with his ruddy regular face and his fair hair cut in the old-fashioned Nordic way greeted his guest with great veneration and with the spontaneous friendliness that was characteristic of him. For a while they stood gazing at each other in silence. The representative of the ancient wisdom of the East who radiated peace and tranquility, the trained philosopher, met the nature worshiper who translated his impressions by personifying the forces of nature in his art, the seeker of new forms, who always blew up storms around him. They smiled to each other in mutual understanding.

The artist who at that time knew no English turned to this writer: "Tell him that I lived in a town, a desert of grey stones without colors. I was yearning for trees and flowers. Here I have built my home on the rock itself."

The poet said, "Tell him that what he has done in transforming the rock by his will into a lovely garden is the essential in life."

On this day in early summer when the two greatest artists of the time met in deep understanding the invitation to work as a teacher at Santiniketan was offered to Carl Milles. As the talk went on the poet said he would like to leave Stockholm by air in the early morning. Forty years ago this was considered by some as being daring. But he went on to say, "I always

take the risk myself. For me there is no danger. I carry sunshine with me. I will live until my mission is fulfilled. And it is not yet completed."

Since that day many countrymen of Rabindranath Tagore have visited Millesgarden. Some of them have stood in the music room and sung his songs in Bengali, gladdened by the knowledge that their beloved poet has trod on these garden stones and that his eyes have rested upon the beauty of the sea, the pines and birches and the graceful bronze sculptures created by the Nordic artist.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Gayatri Devi's summer was divided more equally between the two centers this year as she returned to California on August 21 having spent two months in Cohasset.

Before leaving for the east Gayatri Devi's activities included two lectures in Los Angeles, one at the request of Reverend Leland Stewart of Peace Centers Foundation on May 22, a meeting in honor of the Buddhist Wesak Festival. The other, on June 6, was given before the Key Club, which meets at the Institute of Religious Science, a talk in a series on comparative religion which was received with much warmth and understanding.

The serene yet active life at the eastern ashrama was highlighted by several special observances: a service on Wednesday evening, June 21, in remembrance of Swami Parmananda's liberation; Rabindranath Tagore's birth centenary observance on June 25; Swami Vivekan-

anda's day of liberation—marked by the traditional three hours of silence concluded with meditation and worship—on July 4; and the retreat's thirty-second anniversary on August 13.

Of these occasions, the birth centennial of the Poet was attended by far the largest congregation. Dr. Amiya Chakravarty, Professor at Boston University in the department of Comparative Religion—and one-time secretary and close associate of Tagore—was the guest speaker at the eleven o'clock service. Some of the Poet's devotional songs were sung by Rajarshi Mazumdar and Leela Rodman. As a part of this celebration Swami Parampanthi gave a brief farewell address, expressing his genuine appreciation for the opportunity accorded him by the Vedanta Centre. The afternoon program consisted of an all Tagore recital: song, dance, poetry—presented almost entirely by Indian members. The following letter expresses the feeling which permeated the celebration:

"A lovely day! We were so proud of Amita (a nine-year-old girl who danced). She was all India, so graceful, light as a feather and nymph-like in every step and gesture. Ranu (who sang) too, who could ever tell her how lovely she is? In the national anthem I enjoyed all they gave to it and it was truly terrific! A send-off too for Parampanthi, with so many of his native friends; his farewell address so like him—short, sensitive, and loving to all. Tagore, too, came alive! The story the Swami told of the "Golden Boat" was new to me and I shall long remember the significance he gave to it. You had a wonderful as-

sembly, so many present. How pretty it all was with lovely saris everywhere, happy people and the beauty of the Temple and whole setting!"

At Ananda Ashrama in La Crescenta, California, Tapasi Devi remained in charge of the public work conducting all services and classes in a spirit of humility and devotion, inspiring her congregation with the clarity of her thought. The days of liberation of Swami Vivekananda, Holy Mother and Sri Ramakrishna, were observed on July 2, July 23 and August 20 respectively.

One memorable occasion of the summer was an organ recital of religious music by Dr. Irma Glen, Minister of Religious Science, given on Tuesday night, July 25. Nearly one hundred persons gathered in the moonlit Temple patio and listened with eager attention to the program which, with one exception, was Dr. Glen's own composition, titled New Age Prayer Music.

After spending the month of September in California, Gayatri Devi again left for the east on her way to India. On Sunday, October 1, she conducted services in Cohasset, celebrating Mahatma Gandhi's birthday. Her itinerary includes a few days in Copenhagen, Stockholm and Frankfurt where she is expected to meet with friends of Vedanta and speak before various groups.

During Gayatri Devi's absence the work of the two centers will be carried on by the consecrated community.